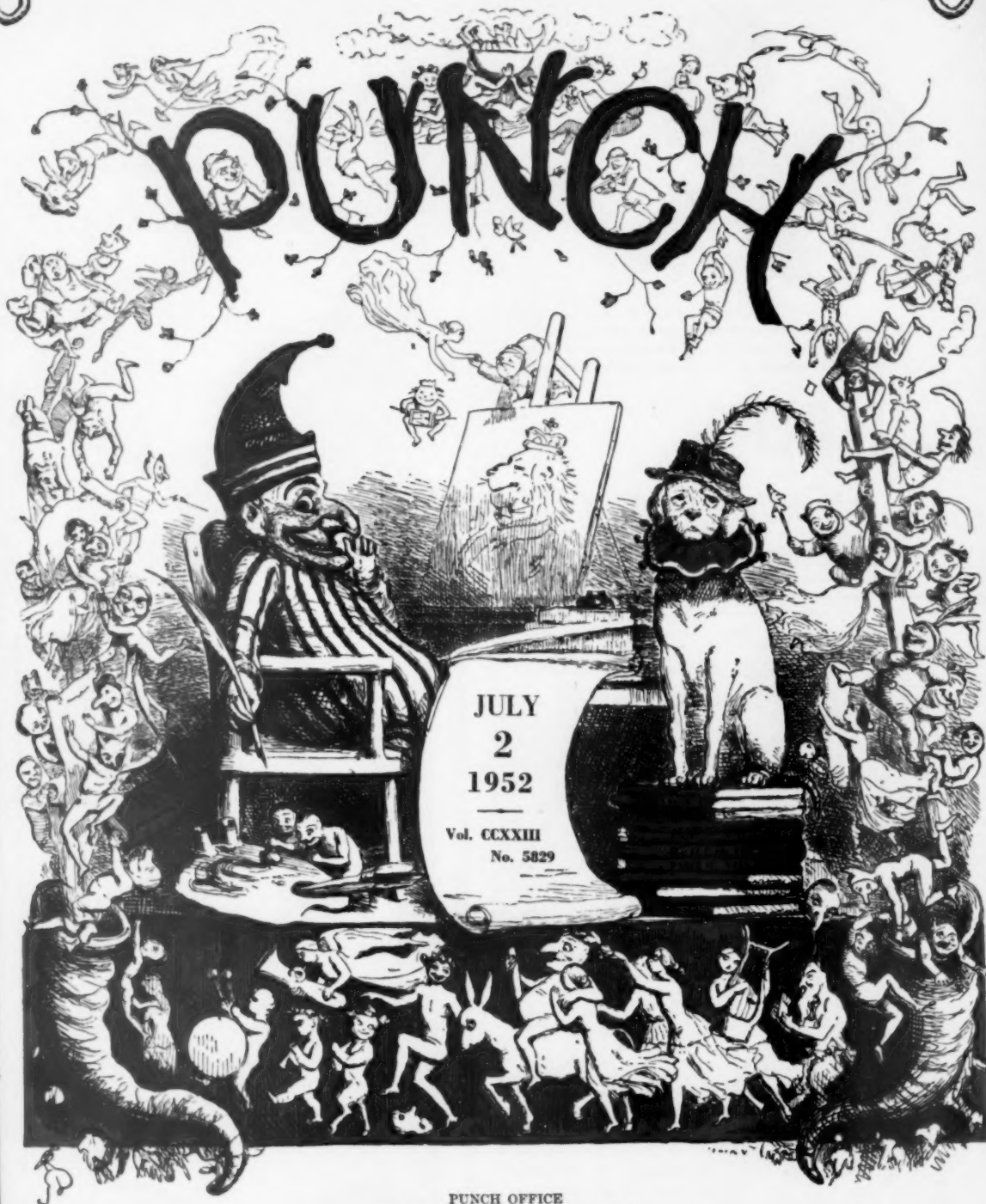


6^d

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, JULY 2 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



HEADACHE ?

This 'Anadin' formula* is a fast worker and any chemist will tell you why the relief lasts longer, without the risk of those unpleasant after-effects you used to have. Take a couple of 'Anadin' tablets at the first sign of a headache, and you'll be surprised how soon it goes.

ANADIN

acts fast!...

* because the balanced formula blends aspirin with phenacetin — for RAPID relief that lasts longer. And it includes caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which cut out the depressing after-effects so often felt after taking old-fashioned remedies.



Did you know-

...a King of England rode a winner at Newmarket?

ON OCTOBER 14TH, 1671, Charles II rode his horse 'Woodcock' at Newmarket against Mr. Elliot, gentleman of the Bedchamber on 'Flatfoot'. The King lost, but two days later he rode against Mr. Elliot, Mr. Thin and the Duke of Monmouth for The Plate and won. In 1674 he won The Plate a second time. The King's success cannot be accounted for by the tact of his courtiers for we have the authority of Sir Robert Carr that "His Majesty rode himself three heats and a course, and won The Plate—all four were hard and ne'er ridden, and I dare assure you the King won by good horsemanship".

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

COPE'S

The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

A NOTABLE HORSEMAN The King was indeed a notable horseman, for at the age of ten his riding master, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote of him "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him".

Did you know that for over half a century the House of Cope has provided an unrivalled service for sportsmen, based on courtesy, integrity and dependability. Write NOW for our illustrated brochure.

NO LIMIT ★ ALL POSTAGE PAID

Bets by Telephone, Letter and Telegram

DAVID COPE Ltd., Lodge Gate Circus, London, E.C.4

A NEW old-style pipe tobacco at 4/- an ounce



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Godiva

TRAILER PUMPS



Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment that so rapidly earned a nation-wide reputation for efficiency, owes its success to the policy of continued specialization and development by

Coventry Climax
ENGINEERS LTD. COVENTRY

MADE IN
ENGLAND



MOTOR HOW YOU WILL...

*Mr. Mercury will give you
more miles per gallon!*



NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

National Benzole Company Limited, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W. 1. (The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole)



'Quality Sells'



By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

The Distinctive Whisky in The Distinctive Bottle

Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd., Quality Street, LEITH

London Office: 6ATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1



If it's an occasion...

one of the great days that happen just once in a
lifetime... what better way to express all
that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch?
... to make sure you choose a watch that will
be treasured far into the years to come...

make it a
MOVADO
the highly prized watch

**Why not a
WATERPROOF watch?**

FOR HER... the petite MOVADO
'Acvatic' shown above, also available with
'sweep' second hand as in the man's model.
FOR HIM... the 'Acvatic' model shown on
the right. Both are anti-magnetic,
with stainless steel waterproof cases.

168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS



Sold and serviced by leading jewellers all over the world



SEALED AND DELIVERED

A FIRM of British motorcar manufacturers with a large export trade to Australia were worried about the deterioration in finish which occurred in transit. The bodywork was found to be blistered and the upholstery to be disfigured by mould. The company appealed for help to I.C.I., as suppliers of the finish. It was decided that the cause of the trouble and its cure could only be found by following the cars through from the moment they were placed in their packing cases in this country until they were delivered to the customer "down under". This meant long and tedious observation over a period of many months, during which a technical service man from I.C.I. Paints Division at Slough travelled to Australia in a cargo ship with

a consignment of cars. The trouble was eventually tracked down to "cargo-sweat"—a condition due to the combined action of heat and humidity in the holds of the ship during its passage through the tropics. The problem was then referred to I.C.I. Plastics Division at Welwyn for a cure, and a method was devised for wrapping each car completely in a sealed envelope of polythene film 0.002" thick. This material, being waterproof and providing a moisture vapour barrier, proved completely satisfactory.

Thus, by combining the technical service resources of two of its manufacturing divisions, I.C.I. helped a British car manufacturer to maintain a valuable export market in Australia.




The **SM** 1500



**It looks a good car —
and it is a good car**

* The Light Car ... 'It meets an astonishingly wide variety of requirements ... with performance it also offers running economy, which, in this day and age, is not unimportant.'

SINGER MOTORS LTD • BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY



Madame la voyante
MADAM THE FORTUNE-TELLER

**a scruté ma paume et elle a
prononcé doctement, "Mon-**
SAGELY PRONOUNCED. "SIR.

**sieur, j'y vois plusieurs grands
I SEE HERE SEVERAL LARGE**
verres de Dubonnet."
GLASSES OF DUBONNET."

**(Évidemment la dame
CLEARLY THE LADY**
est douée de seconde vue!)
HAS SECOND SIGHT!

Have you tried Dubonnet as a long summer drink? Here's how: — Pour a man-sized measure of Dubonnet into a man-sized glass. Top up with soda and toss in a slice of lemon. Add ice if available. Swallow. Delicious! Refill. Swallow. Etcetera.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSS & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



I know a Bank...

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,"¹ mused the Man of Letters.

"I know a Bank where they look after your interests," said the Man of Affairs.

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,"² put in the Explorer.

"Whatever the currency of the countries I travel in," said the Man of Affairs, "I always have a word with Lloyds Bank before I go."

"Let's choose executors and talk of wills,"³ suggested the Club Bore.

"I've chosen my executor," said the Man of Affairs firmly. "Lloyds Bank will administer my estate."

"I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man,"⁴ remarked the Oldest Bachelor.

"My wife has an account, quite separate from mine, at Lloyds Bank," said the Man of Affairs. "I should say she was highly civilized, wouldn't you?"

Lloyds Bank

LIMITED



Do you know where these quotations come from?

1. Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream. 2. Keats: On First Looking into Chapman's Homer. 3. Shakespeare: Richard II. 4. Meredith: The Order of Richard Ravel.



Gilding the
LILLET
Curacao or Anisette?

Among people with perceptive palates there's quite a debate. Should a Gin and Lillet have a dash of Curacao? It means—if you like it that way. But in our experience the simplest and best cocktail—beyond all question—is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet plus a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette for added piquancy. Try it—and settle the argument.

★ In the 1952 World Cocktail Competition, Lillet was a main ingredient in the 1st and 4th cocktails chosen.



Twiss & Brownings & Hallows Ltd., 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4



OLD ETONIANS AND HARROVIANS

Choose

BOOTH'S

However divided may be their opinion on cricket, all schools of thought agree about Booth's, because of its impeccable character, its unique smoothness, its exemplary dryness. Buy a bottle yourself and be convinced!



Look for the Gin in the six-sided bottle, and take home a bottle to-day.

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K. Bottle 33/9
Half Bottle 17/7 Qtr. Bottle 9/3 Miniature 3/7

The finest value in Men's Socks



We shall be happy to send you a folder of the patterns in which our men's 'Viyella' sports shirts and men's 'Clyde' pyjamas are obtainable. Write to Dept. P10/5, William Hollins & Company Limited, Viyella House, Nottingham. If necessary, we will gladly give you the name of your nearest shop.



There's nothing to equal
Dayella
REGD.
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM

US-1

It matters

MATERIALLY*

*what type of mattress
you sleep on!*



Most good mattresses will provide a high degree of comfort but there is no superior to a mattress filled with 'Curled Hair' for comfort and hygiene. 'Curled Hair' provides a system of self-ventilation which allows humidity to escape naturally, without losing warmth and cosiness. Always see the 'Curled Hair' tag when you buy.

★ **CURLED HAIR** is a natural material which ensures hygiene, comfort and economy to a degree which no manufactured upholstery filling can match. It retains body heat but allows humidity to escape by perfect self-ventilation, is 'non-creased' and odourless; does not crumble, break-up or lose its resilience and springiness in years of use and is non-inflammable. It can be re-sterilized whenever necessary. There is no other filling, however expensive, which can qualify in all these tests.



Insist on **CURLED HAIR** for health and hygiene

CPS-38

"FRESH FRUIT STANDARD" JAMS are best

There is a standard of quality on every jar of jam. If the label says Fresh Fruit standard it is the best. If it says Crosbie's Fresh Fruit standard it is best possible quality and value. Made from Fresh Fruit and sugar with no artificial colouring matter.



★ **LOOK FOR THE
WORD 'FRESH' AND
THE DISTINCTIVE
CROSBIE'S LABEL**

Made by the makers of "NELL GWYN" MARMALADE

Awarded to all
Crosbie's products



Little Jimmy, looking glum, felt he'd had enough of plum but his mother, being knowing, saw which way the wind was blowing. Next time plums she gave to Jim she added Monk & Glass for him. Now young Jimmy eats all plums and says "No sweets are good as Mum's."

MORAL: Make all meals especial treats by serving Monk & Glass with sweets.

JELLIES TOO! Try Monk & Glass Fruity Table Jellies. So easy and quick to make—and they always turn out a treat!



MONK & GLASS *jolly good* CUSTARD

2 pint packet 4d. 7 pint packet 11½d. Family Drum 1/7½d.



Head over heels in health—that's us! All thanks to munchy, crunchy Ryvita. You keep so fit and slim with that energy-packed wholemeal rye! It's so crisp, so delicious—you really do *enjoy* health with Ryvita. Always have some on the table. Ryvita—from all good grocers.



forever blowing bubbles

Glug, glug, glug — the goldfish wends its weary way round and round its bowl;

eating and blowing bubbles — air bubbles — that's it —

millions of tiny air cells — just like Darlington 85% Magnesia,

which by means of these cells, ensures that heat is kept in its place.

Unlike the goldfish, our Technical Division do not go round in circles.

They go straight to the point, and will be glad to show

how to save up to 90% of waste heat.

DARLINGTON
85% MAGNESIA
Insulation



Manufacturers: **THE CHEMICAL AND INSULATING COMPANY LIMITED, DARLINGTON**
Insulation Contractors: **THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**
Sheet Metal Contractors: **S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD., TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE**

MORE WORK SPACE—SAME FLOOR-SPACE



When workers have to leave their machines idle while they hump and heave goods about it wastes man-hours, machine-hours, energy and floor-space.



When the work flows to the machines by overhead runway and lifting block there's an all-round saving—a jump in output per foot of floor-space.

ARE you paying overheads on twice the space you are using? Put that overhead space to work with My-Te-Min Electric Pulley Blocks on runways. Then see how output goes up and costs come down. A small outlay can bring big savings. Find out more about the My-Te-Min—it makes works managers and cost accountants beam.

5 models, capacity 400 to 3600 lbs. Prices from £69.

Write for illustrated booklet MY50A

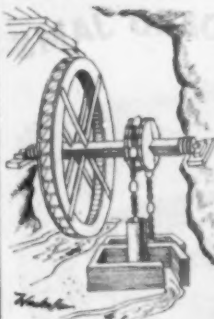


KING



**MECHANICAL HANDLING
EXHIBITION
STAND B.6. GRAND HALL**

GRD. W. KING LTD., 15 WORKS, HITCHIN, Herts. TEL: HITCHIN 046. AND AT STEVENAGE.



16th Century rag and chain mine pump using a handle of rags.

Pumping things in days of yore
Must have been a frightful bore
Imagine pumping Marmalade
before 'Ejectopumps'
were made.

**COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED
Ejectopump**

British Patent No. 580792

is handling an amazing number of products including food, chemicals, paints, oils, fats, abrasives, latex, and bilge water. Amongst the many satisfied users are such firms of world-wide repute as:

Grant Bros. (Most Common) Ltd., Wm. D. Hartley Ltd., Leyland Pallet & Varnish Co. Ltd., Limer & Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd., John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., Norfolk Concrete Ltd., Rolfs Rayer Ltd.

Write for List 707



GRESHAM & CRAVEN LTD
DEPT. A - ODDHALL LANE
TALFORD - RANCHOSTER 5

Phone:

Downgate 0653 (2/3/4)

Grams:

Brake Phone Manchester

London Technical Representative and Selling Agent: Conway Arnold, A.M.I.Mech.E., (Dept. A) 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 2881/3 Ext. 12.



Last Friday we walked
into Accles & Pollock's office
with the early morning mail
and gave them the sack
as usual they were very grateful
after tearing off a few strips they handed us a fourpenny one written to
reading between the lines on their faces
we could see they sometimes think
this sort of thing has gone too far enough
people should know the name Accles & Pollock
for precision steel tubes
by this time and next time it happens
we shall be in for a spell of worse trouble
and no mistake need occur if you address
yourself to the matter more carefully until
the Directors have fully recovered their senses
of humour meanwhile remain decidedly ticklish



"Have you a trumpet handy?" is the title of a book
published by Accles & Pollock which will be sent to anybody
who is seriously anxious to have help through tubes.



Which family will reach the seaside fresher?

—AND HOW CAN YOU TELL? These two families are about to set out on their holidays; but one of them is going to arrive at their journey's end much fresher than the other. Why? Because one of them, as you will see from a closer look at the illustration, has car radio—and to anyone with a car full of family and luggage, car radio means contentment. Bored children are restless children. Restless children

mean irritable parents. But radio keeps everyone occupied, and the driver can concentrate on driving. There's no doubt about it: "H.M.V." Car Radio means pleasant, safer* driving and freshness at the journey's end. That's one of the many reasons why "H.M.V." Car Radio is exclusively fitted and recommended by the makers of no fewer than 24 famous British cars. It could easily be fitted to your own.

* Monotony and boredom have long been recognised as the enemies of alertness.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CAR RADIO

MARKETED BY

SMITHS RADIOMOBILE

S. SMITH & SONS (RADIOMOBILE) LTD., 179-185 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1



New Unit Furniture from Heal's is not expensive, and separate pieces can be combined to suit your particular needs for living room or bedroom. The illustration shows a dining table and chair, bureau-bookcase (convertible into a dressing table), sideboard, chest of drawers and bookcase. Designed by Christopher Heal, M.S.I.A., they are made in figured teak and African walnut. Please write for our Unit Furniture leaflet.

Hand-thrown pottery by leading British potters, including work by Bernard Leach, Lucie Rie and Donald Mills, is found in the

pottery department, together with a selection of fine glass-ware. We also have a limited supply of decorated table-ware.

If you are looking for a present that's unusual, try our Craftsman's Market, where you will find genuine hand-made articles from all over the country. We have a constantly changing display of handwoven fabrics, basket work and wood work. Why not write for our folder "The Craftsman's Market at Heal's"?

Just a word about our Restaurant—it's open for morning coffee, lunch and tea, and is fully licensed.

HEAL & SON

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Museum 1666

FOR FACES & PLACES



You can't go wrong with Selochrome—you get a good picture every time.

ILFORD
SELOCHROME
FILM





THE TREASURE EXQUISITE

COLOUR photography captures the charm of Chinese Jade carving in this attractive group with three standing figures. The Ancients valued Jade very highly, regarding it as the most precious gift of the Immortals to

Man, and the legend has it that when the world was created, Jade was rained down upon it to give it virtue. Photograph by courtesy of Liberty's, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of Imperial Leather toilet luxuries.

IMPERIAL  LEATHER
EXQUISITE TOILET LUXURIES



Down in the country



Down in the country there are numbers of faithful old Austin Reed retainers—tweed coats, flannels and good strong shoes which never seem to become too old to retire. It pays to get good things—especially as they don't cost much more.

Austin Reed of Regent Street

LONDON & PRINCIPAL CITIES

LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



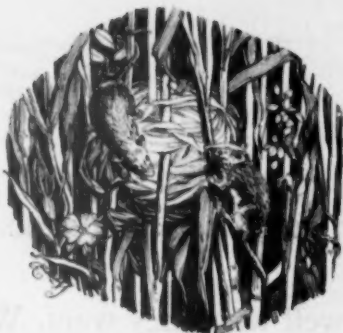
Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/5

Also BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

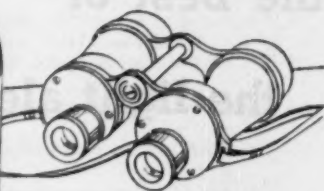


July

When the harvest is upon us there is little time to spare, and it is then that farmers appreciate the arrangements they have made with the Midland Bank for their financial requirements. An account at the Midland Bank is always of special assistance in times of stress and pressure.

MIDLAND BANK

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU



DEWAR'S
"White Label"
SCOTCH WHISKY
never varies

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES: 30/- per bottle, 18/3 per half bottle, 9/6 per quarter bottle, 5/6 per Midget. As fixed by the Scotch Whisky Assoc.

“With our class of trade the customers know pretty well what they want. We stock several light ales, but the big demand is for Whitbread's Pale Ale. It's bottled only by the brewers; consequently it is always in tip-top condition.”

It stands out —

**the best of
the light ales is a
WHITBREAD**





SECOND HALF

TAKE a look at Merrie England in 1952:
Since the first half is over, the second half will do.
Or, as it will enable us a great deal more to fit in,
Instead of Merrie England let's look at Merrie Britain.

July is fairly bursting with Gymkhana and Regatta,
With Carnival and Festival—the name doesn't matter.
At Henley, Lord's, and Bisley our sportsmen are
competing;

At the Royal down in Devon agriculturalists are
meeting.

There are Water Sports at Mousehole from dawn till
dark.

There's a First World Indaba at Gilwell Park.

At Weston there's a Rally for the Veteran Car.

The National Cyclists Union meets at Leamington Spa.

Though Britain's finest athletes to Finland will have gone

With all our warmest wishes for sprint and Marathon.

For every kind of victory by water, field, or track,

They needn't fear we stay-at-homes are letting things
go slack.

Our Ladies Bowling champions at Worthing match
their guile.

And the Dandie Dinmont Terrier Club is showing at
Carlisle.

Through August and September the fun will not abate.

There's the Shrewsbury Musical and Floral Fête.

There's Cowes, where the yachtsman spreads his sails,

A Gaelic Mod in Scotland, an Eisteddfod in Wales,

A Gorsedd of the Bards of Cornwall at St. Cleer,
A Chemists Exhibition in Westminster,
Highland Games and Gatherings and the Manx Grand
Prix,

At Dover Channel-swimmers swarming from the sea,
While at Bristol there'll be showing in their party
rigs

Gloucestershire Old Spots and Large Black Pigs.

From October to December, the children back at
school,

Merriment for Britain will still be the rule.

From the Goose Fair at Nottingham light feet will go
To the Portsmouth and Southsea Chrysanthemum
Show.

We'll sit back a minute, since it's live and let live,

While America elects her new Chief Executive.

Then when London too has welcomed its new Lord
Mayor

We'll be off to the Earl's Court Shoe and Leather
Fair.

At Dewsbury on Christmas Eve we'll toll the Devil's
Knell

(Old English Custom); we'll present ourselves as well,
All through Christmas night having driven hard,

For Distribution of New Pennies in Sherborne Castle
Yard.

New Year's Eve will see us at the Chelsea Arts Ball.

Britain can take it; there is no doubt at all. HH



"Would you ladies mind moving out of earshot, please?"

TELEADVERTISING FOR BEGINNERS

DEAR C.—Three years ago, in 1952, when the Government decided to permit sponsored television in Britain and you sold your television set and bought a refrigerator, I suggested that the new service wouldn't be half as bad as you feared. Remember! Well, sponsored TV is here: we've had a week of it, and I think I'm going to be proved right.

The first week's programmes were quite respectable and contained no objectionable or tiresome advertising matter. In fact there was not a single reference throughout the week to any marketable product. The sponsors are playing their cards very warily indeed. On

the opening day we had a film about bridge-building "brought to you by courtesy of a firm which prefers at the moment to remain anonymous," a goodish variety show "devised and presented by the Federation of British Industries," a clever puppet show "sponsored by the Professional Middlemen's Association," a news-reel "offered by the makers of Britain's consumer and producer goods," a singing star presented by the Railways Executive, and a weather report by courtesy of the Manchester Development Corporation.

Nothing about pills, falling hair, after-shave lotions or breakfast cereals! Not a word!

In fact the programmes were not vastly different from those of the B.B.C. Television Service. The furniture and curtains looked the same, and so did the chalk marks on the studio floor, the microphones and the cameras. There were a few minor differences of presentation. Instead of the B.B.C.'s "Normal Service Will Be Resumed As Soon As Possible" we saw a boldly-lettered sign:

WATCH
THIS
SPACE

And instead of the B.B.C.'s interval films we saw:

This Long Interval
Comes To You By Courtesy
of the Football
Pools Promoters Guild

What impressed us all was the way the sponsors leaned over backwards, as it were, in their determination not to advertise anything. In a telefilm of the recent Test Match I noticed that binding tape had been plastered over the lettering across the splice of Hutton's bat and that in shots of Piccadilly Circus all illuminated signs and posters had been carefully painted out.

It is too early yet to say whether all this is part of a campaign to win the goodwill of the public or merely an attempt to avoid friction between competing sponsors. The B.B.C. has always been careful not to mention manufactured products by their brand names, but it has never had to worry its head about the competitive claims of rival industries. When the B.B.C. shows a family drinking tea at breakfast it is in no danger of a serious brush with the coffee merchants and importers; when it puts a comedian into a night-shirt the manufacturers of pyjamas have no grounds for redress.

But sponsored TV is different. Last week we saw a domestic

comedy in which six men appeared, and it is significant, I think, that two of them smoked pipes, two cigarettes and two cigars. The three women in the play wore cotton, wool and rayon respectively, and drank gin (from an amorphous, unidentifiable bottle), whisky (from a decanter) and rum (from a flask). Whenever one of the women took a cigarette from the silver box on the table two men would step forward, one with a match, the other with a lighter.

You see what I mean?

I think the new television service will be great fun and I urge you to exchange your refrigerator for a receiver without delay.

Next week there's the big fight, brought to us by courtesy of Typical Products Ltd. Wow!

Yours truly,

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

BACK ROOM JOYS

Throwing Confetti

THE large majority that's
Not given to paper hats,
Streamers, balloons or other synthetic way
Of saying "Do look, aren't I gay!"
Will nevertheless swing right to the other side
When it comes to throwing confetti at bridegroom and
bride.

It is light, bright, clean;
It doesn't say more than we mean
Or hold the pose longer than we our benevolent
mood;

It registers personal feelings but doesn't intrude
(Except later, perhaps, when she's dressing);
Rains down, as it should, like a blessing;
Relieves by symbolical action
The sentimentalities none of us dares to express,
And affords us one final attraction—
A free dispensation for making a heavenly mess.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"TALKS WERE RESUMED"

Inspired by a Course of Radio News Bulletins

FAR too much talk.

News, said you? 'Tis a catalogue of chatter—
Tongues, tongues and tongues unbridled and unstinted,
Each long as Lambeth Walk
(Or longer, for that matter)
Yap-yap and pitter-patter . . .

"He said" . . . "He warned" . . . "He emphasized" . . .

"He hinted" . . .

Tennyson's brook,
The jackdaw and the rook,
In tones of gold or silver, steel or brass,
Talking the hind leg off the proverbial ass.

How splendid
To think that, Anno Domini
One-nine-five-two, what time the citizen
Toils like a black and makes no groat thereby,
At least one million men
From China to Peru
Have nothing else to do
But sit around a comfortable table
Blethering all they're able.

"Talks were begun." "Resumed." No doubt. But never ended.

They say . . . they say . . . they say this, that and t'other . . .

Alh, brother,
Who for your sins
Recite these bulletins
Into the microphone's unhearing grid,
Couldn't you find us something someone *did*?
If telegrams and tape
Offer no banner headlines, can't you draw
Out of the air some deed, event or act,
Some respite or escape
From all this oratorical cataract,
This global, polyglot
And everlasting jaw? . . .
Or, if that can't be done,
Why not

Just say "Here is the news. Good night, good night.
There's none."

H. B.

6 6

BURNING QUESTION



IT was the bank manager who first put the question to me. Mr. Petty has questioned me before, but always on more personal matters, and I have seldom been in a position to give him a really satisfactory answer. This time, however, the topic was one of more general interest; and, indeed, before I had time to reply it was put to me again, in practically the same words, by old Withers. Frankly I believe that Withers had heard Mr. Petty—he was quite near at the time—and this irritated me rather. There was more excuse for the Bairstow brothers, who were right over by the churchyard wall, but I wished that they'd not decided to ask the same thing just then. It flurried me to realize that this was evidently a village question and that my answer was certain to be discussed all next week in the General Stores

(Geo. Withers: Prop.) and The Bell (Bairstow Bros., late Deeping). Besides, being over by the churchyard, the Bairstows had to shout, and this made everybody else listen.

The question concerned the vicar, and what made it all the more embarrassing was that he could hear it all himself. The poor man looked most distressed. He naturally felt that it was hardly up to him to speak, but the appeal in his eyes almost hurt. I looked away, but there was Mr. Petty, waiting. The whole village seemed to be waiting. I thought of my balance at the bank, of the many times my answers had disappointed Mr. Petty—and I disappointed him once again, and enjoyed doing it too.

I shook my head sadly, and the vicar stopped rubbing his elbow, smiled, and prepared to face the next ball.



CANADA DAY, 1952

"It can be done, and Canada ought to do it."



Somewhere in the Suburbs

"IT is all a kind of divine tennis music," wrote Miss Eleanor 'Teach' Tennant recently on the subject of Wimbledon, "with poetry such as nobody could write, but which I am sure all of us feel." There is a challenge here that some of our younger poets (in collaboration, perhaps, with Mr. Benjamin Britten) may feel disposed to take up; but it is one from which a middle-aged Gradgrind must beg to be excused. What I want is Facts.

The first fact apparent to one coming straight from Lord's to the Centre Court is that whereas it takes two umpires to control the operations of thirteen cricketers in an enormous field (and to decide such questions as whether a ball rising from the ground at sixty miles an hour would or would not have passed over the top of a set of

stumps nine inches in width and not more than 28½ inches high, had its progress not been impeded by some part of the batsman's person), a game of tennis for two can hardly be less than chaotic without the assistance of ten linesmen, one foot-fault judge, one net-cord specialist (with measuring rod), six ball-boys and an umpire in a pear tree.

This is a fact, and facts are sacred. Conclusions are free.

The second salient fact is that nobody I have met in this huge crowd knows any more about the game than I do. I made a note of this while wedged in a kind of alley between (at a guess) Courts 3 and 4. This alley is lined three-deep at either side—on the one hand with people watching the drama on Court 3, and on the other with those attracted by the affairs on Court 4;

and between the backs of these two cohorts a man of moderate girth, despairing of a glimpse of either Court, may hope to fight his way to Courts 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and (so one old voortrekker told me) 15. The hope is short-lived, for the match on Court 10 is over, and here, to check our southbound progress down the alley, surges a north-bound stream, insatiable in their thirst for enjoyment. I have to thank the resulting impasse for a deal of knowledgeable tennis-talk—most of which will have to be taken on trust, for I had elbow-room to record only a fragment:

"One of them's leading three-two. Can you see which, dad?"

"It's some sort of double-barrelled name. Miss J. Somebody-or-Other, it looks like from here."

"Never heard of her."

When I eventually tore myself away from this kind of divine tennis music, I turned right-handed down a shady pathway, whose green canvas walls invited meditation and repose, and there made a bold division of Wimbledon-goers into:

(a) those who know where they want to go, go there, and stay there. These people sit, see a lot of tennis, and may very well be knowledgeable about it—but as to that, not having been numbered in their ranks, I cannot say.

(b) those who want to be everywhere at once, never get anywhere in time to see anything properly, and discuss interminably the best thing to do next. These people stand on tip-toe, peer round corners, study the Order of Play boards opposite Court No. 1 with much indecisive teetering, and may be met with in



enormous numbers pouring up and down staircases and going to and fro along the South Road. They can be roughly sub-divided into those who are pressing on eagerly in one direction and an equal number who are pushing back in the other, and both sections are very happy and animated and full of poetry such as nobody could write.

These, I decided, were the two main groups at Wimbledon, and on reflection I added a third:

(c) those who have no particular plan, but would very much like to avoid constantly going into places reserved for umpires, mounting stairs marked "down," and trying to get tea on the Members Lawn. This person (for the class, so far as is known, is a small one) has a tendency to bury his head in his programme, and may be seen repeatedly attempting to enter the All England Lawn Tennis Club under the impression that he is back at the South-east Entrance Hall again.

Personalities of the Year. I have a note on my programme "Magenta?" against Miss Connolly's name. This must refer to her cardigan, for she herself remains remarkably cool and unruffled. And the absurd description of Sedgman as "nothing but green stripes and twigs" I attribute to watching him through an inadequate hole in a yew hedge. Seixas has rather small lobes on his ears, unless I misread my own writing. It seems an odd point to have noted.

More important, though a little technical, is the way players crouch before receiving service. Men mostly straddle their feet, flex their knees and bend forward, holding the racket across the body with the left hand clasp the neck of the handle. Women advance the left foot before crouching and hold the racket with its head pointing menacingly at their adversary. I cannot see the point of this. I don't mean that I cannot see why women crouch in a different way from men; I am not so utterly ignorant of life and deportment as that. But why do players, men or women, crouch at all? Before anything has happened at the other end of the court, they



uncrouch again, straightening up and jiggling about on their toes in a keen manner. The crouch appears to be so much energy thrown away. I should be glad to be informed about this—on one sheet of paper.

We will now have a word or two about winding up and unwinding. The phrase refers to tension, or suspense, but is cleverly chosen to suggest nets as well.

It is worth while to go early into the Centre Court—twenty minutes or so before the start of an afternoon's play—and watch the preliminaries. The arena itself is bare, bare of officials and, but for the umpire's ladder, the linesmen's chairs and that great green box, bare of apparatus. Then two men emerge, carrying net-posts, and you observe as they put them up that, had some similar arrangement for putting up posts obtained in the old vicarage days, much time would have been saved. They simply drop the round posts into a square hole and leave them and go away and get the net.

Homer himself, with all his flair for rapidity, would have been hard put to it to convey the speed with which the net is unrolled. They shake her out and belay her and begin to wind her up in less time than it used to take us to clear the croquet hoops out of the fabric.

A man comes on with the iced-water urn, followed by an assistant carrying beakers. The tempo quickens. Six ball-boys file in and take their seats demurely on the great green box, and then, to the accompaniment of much buzz and chatter from the spectators, twelve linesmen and etceteras march to their appointed stations. The feeling that something is about to begin approaches certainty with the eruption of no fewer than fifteen cameramen on to the court (for Miss

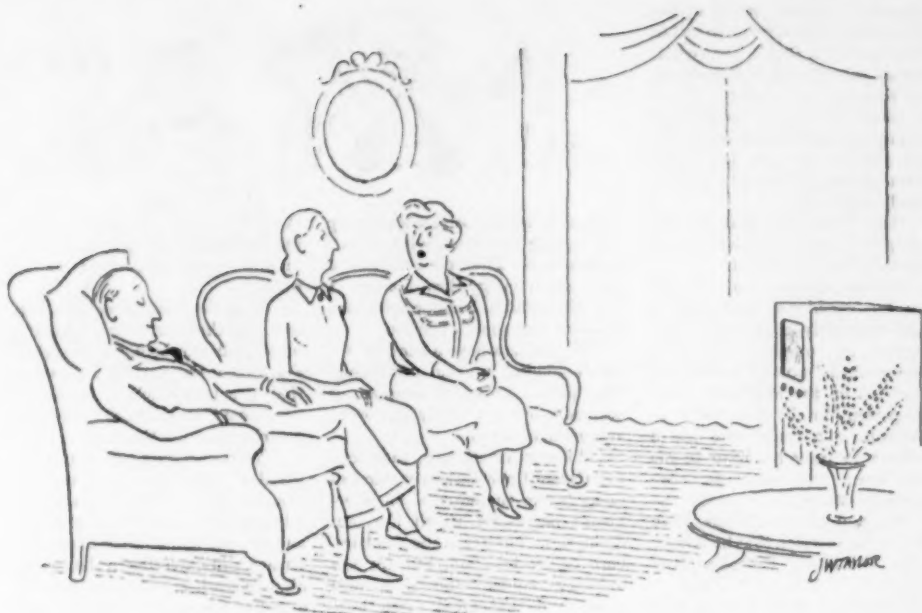
Connolly is due to play), and in the hurly-burly of their arrival the umpire creeps unnoticed to his pulpit.

Open the great green box, lads, and flood the court with refrigerated tennis balls, for here, at two o'clock sharp, come the players. Let us hope that by some miracle of immunization from "atmosphere" they can contrive to enjoy the game...

The unwinding process, when the day's play is over, is simpler. Wander into the Open Stand ten minutes after the winning smash and you will find no trace of nervous tension still quivering in the cooling air. Instead, six men are pushing a roller across the slightly tired surface of the court, while a seventh bears, inexplicably, a watering can, a very battered bucket, and a cardboard box with a sprinkling of grass cuttings in it. Towards you, along the floor of the Open Stand, comes a line of men with brooms, sweeping a wall of waste-paper before them.

Turn your back on this anti-climactic scene and come with me along this echoing colonnade—Oh, is this Committee only? Sorry, sorry. H. F. ELLIS





"What's so unfair is that he dreams much better programmes."

INTIMATE REVUE

A Dramatic Fragment

PRODUCER. Now, Poppets, we come to Ronnie's satirical sketch.

RONNIE. As a matter of fact, it's turned out less satirical than sardonic.

PRODUCER. All I care about is whether it can be played front-stage while we heave on the bowers for the Tulip Ballet.

RONNIE. The two characters can just sit at a table while they talk about the entertainments duty.

DESIGNER. I'll do a Russian table-cloth. Pity it won't be visible from the stalls; are we having a gallery?

MANAGER. Yes. Calling it The Penthouse. Dress-circle prices.

GWEN. Do I play it straight or use my cockney?

PRODUCER. Broken English. It's the easiest way to be versatile.

GWEN. Zat iss zo.

ALAN. Gwen, you're surpassing; but as you're only my feed, shouldn't I have the broken?

RONNIE. Neither of you is only a feed. I made all the lines equally witty on purpose.

PRODUCER. For the Mimed Ballad I thought of "Mademoiselle from Armentières."

DESIGNER. Such a dull period for décor. What about "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"?

PRODUCER. No trap. Perhaps we'd better settle the Singing Picture first. "When Did You Last See Your Father?" might do; it's certainly costume.

AGNES. I want to be one of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers."

PRODUCER. All right, all right. Now for the Slap at Modern Manners. What have you got, Ronnie?

RONNIE. Television hospitality—no break for food—guests tiptoe in, tiptoe out—technical jokes about hair-driers.

PRODUCER. Yes, they'll feel that's getting under one another's skins. The Burlesque Play is *The Deep Blue Sea* in the styles of *Call Me Madam*, *Chu Chin Chow* and *Merrie England*. Judy, you'd better get a photo of Peggy Ashcroft.

JUDY. What shall I do about her voice?

PRODUCER. You'll be singing. It won't matter.

TONY. I don't want to be gritty; but what about the billing? I can't see it leading to much cooing.

MANAGER. Stop trying to horn in on the writers. You're all supporting players; when you haven't a "spot" of your own you team up and form the Chorus. Doing without stars gives the show the fresh charm of a charade. *Charade* do as a name?

PRODUCER. Certain to have been used. What about "Charivari"? French flavour, attract some of the *Paris-Nuits* fan fans.

RONNIE. The sentimental song is French. Backcloth of a café. "Montparnassie Lassie."

SAM. Nice job I've made of it. Only four bars, all in the minor.

HILDA. I have to sing thirty-four verses, though. ALAN. Why do I have to go to the fag of dressing as a waiter, just to go off when she starts?

PRODUCER. She can't be left all alone unless someone leaves her alone. Jimmy's won the draw for the speciality. What's it to be, kid?

JIMMY. I want to be the Man Who Washes Mary Martin out of his Hair. Can do, Ronnie?

RONNIE. Hirsute—pursuit: perm—squirm: shampoos—vamoose. Sure can. By the way, who are all these other writers, dozens of them?

PRODUCER. You're billed as the author, don't worry. It just happens that there are fifteen items by other boys. If there's a General Election during the run you shall edit them up to topical.

SAM. Must the Finale be the same as the Opening? I'd rather write two tunes. Make the score look bigger when they hawk it round in the interval.

PRODUCER. Repeating the theme, boy, repeating the theme. Anything the audience recognize they think must be catchy. Now, about the boy-meets-girl dance: Juvenile delinquents? Daphnis and Chloë? Héloïse and Abélard?

MANAGER. They meet in a Ballet School and wear their own practice dress. The way you're carrying on you'd think this revue was spectacular, not intimate; and once we've given the impression it's spectacular, bang goes any hope of tax remission. At a rough glance, it's got to look like Art, and Art is Ballet, when it's not Henry Moore. Any reclining women?

PRODUCER. Ronnie will write a monologue for one during lunch.

FINIS R. G. G. PRICE

Australia retires into her shell:

Reluctantly she cuts her imports down,
And sadly buys less merchandise from Britain.

They visit us as often as they can,
Though few of us, alas, can visit them.
But there are other links. On Christmas Day,

The hot sun blazing, and the bush on fire,
They feast, like you, on turkey and plum-pudding,
And, bless them, so that all shall be the same,
They paint the berries of the holly red.

Here, too, in summer-time—and this will show you
The belt of brotherhood that girds the globe,
The enterprise of British business men,

The magic power of our communications—
Each week the Briton, in the "Summer Pools,"
Bets on the football in Australia,

And murmurs hopefully the warming names:
Concord and Corrimal, Corinthians, Caledonians,

Balmoral, Sandringham, Victoria Park,
Flinders and Sunshine City and Toowoong,

Brighton and Sturt and Beograd and Guildford,
Bundamba, White Stars, Swan Valley and Woonona.

A. P. H.



COMMONWEALTH

CONCORD and Corrimal, Corinthians, Caledonians,
Balmoral, Sandringham, Victoria Park,
Flinders and Sunshine City and Toowoong,
Brighton and Sturt and Beograd and Guildford,
Bundamba, White Stars, Swan Valley, and Woonona...

What are these names that warm the weary tongue
And strike a note that's fresh and yet familiar?
They indicate Australian football teams.

Our dear Australia's very far away,
So far that when we're thinking of our lunch
Australians are thinking of their beds,
And the New Year begins in happy Sydney
Ten hours before the same New Year in London.
It is no wonder, then, that, in these days,
While we are playing cricket with the Indians,
Australians play at football. Like us all,



THE MIRROR

I HAD been meaning to get the driving mirror put right for some time. For months it had had a rusty look, as though the mercury behind the glass was insufficiently protected from the weather—as, indeed, it probably was. The rust spread slowly from two corners, until the comparatively clear part was limited to a diagonal strip running from the right top to the left bottom corner like a blurred bend sinister. This gave a very selective view of the road behind, especially as the mirror was one of the old-fashioned curved kind, designed, no doubt in more spacious days, to show a complete landscape with the road crawling insignificantly through it.

When I tried to turn the mirror, so that the clear strip was either vertical or horizontal, the effect was even more disturbing, and I was for weeks pursued by a series of very tall, thin vehicles, like double-decker buses in reduced circumstances, or grotesquely squat shapes which I would often take for the latest type of American sedan. Nor was this the end of it. The act of turning the mirror had loosened some hidden screw, and the thing began to vibrate, so that the picture was not only distorted and blurred in itself but was also in perpetual reciprocal motion.

Such was its condition when I entered the Batleigh Road at dusk that Sunday evening. The other car came suddenly out of a side turning (where I had not, to tell the truth, noticed it as I passed) and drew in behind me. My attention was first drawn to it by the fact that the driver had two heads, though the Batleigh Road is as a rule a most respectable neighbourhood. The vehicle itself seemed to be some sort of van with a high arched roof. There must have been a trap or skylight in the top, because every now and then something put its head up through it and waved at me in a way I did not at all like.

At the end of Batleigh Road the by-pass turns off to the left, and I

went along it, increasing my speed in an attempt to shake off my pursuers. At speed my steering needs constant attention, and I could not spare more than an occasional glance for the mirror; but it was clear that I was still being followed. In the greater darkness of the by-pass they had switched on a chain of fairy lights across the front, and I could see that what I had taken for a van was, in fact, something more in the style of a large open boat, though there was cabin accommodation forward. A totem or maypole was stepped in the centre, and round this a number of small, agile figures, dressed completely in black but carrying yellow lights, moved in an excited and ritualistic manner. What is more, they were rapidly overhauling me, and I thought I could hear a chanted *woo-hoo-hoo* which might come from the dancers.

I could not go any faster (I was already swerving badly), and the by-pass was largely deserted. I decided to turn left into a road (I believe it is called Marchmont Avenue) which leads to the new building-estate and is itself well lit and built up with detached houses of a fairly respectable type. The turn would itself be a test of the other party's intentions. I kept going until the last possible moment, braked noisily and swung sharp left. There was an answering squeal from behind, and in the green light from the overhead lamp at the corner I got a glimpse which, though very fleeting, was the nearest I had yet had.

Neither of my first impressions had been wholly accurate. It was, in fact, some sort of truck, at least partially open, and it was full of cattle. Their heads stuck out on both sides, and in many cases their mouths were open. They seemed to be shouting to each other a good deal, and were clearly following the pursuit with interest. The driver was either crouched so low over the wheel as to be invisible, or was temporarily absent; but the orange

flares burning on the wings showed clearly the party of large dogs occupying the seat immediately behind him.

There was now no doubt about their intentions, and in the restricted space of the avenue, where I was dazzled by the wildly flickering light of their flares, they gained rapidly and even began to pull out to the right as though to pass. It was only the sudden dowsing of their lights accompanied by a curious metallic clang that prevented disaster. The whole thing vanished completely, and I was able to bring my swerving car to rest on the left-hand kerb. I pulled on the hand-brake, sat back and waited. The silence was intense; and I greeted with relief the police car that slid alongside a few moments later.

One of them came over and addressed me courteously. He said "Going a bit fast, weren't you, sir, for a built-up area?"

I said "It was that—that cattle-truck." The driver had now joined him, and they exchanged glances. "Ah," he said, "there was a truck, sir, was there?"

I nodded. The lamps burned steadily along Marchmont Avenue. There wasn't a soul in sight. It was no good telling him. I nodded again. "Behind," I said, "all along the by-pass." He nodded sympathetically. "I saw it in the mirror," I said.

I followed their eyes in the silence. The mirror had dropped off. There was a further silence, and then the same man spoke again. "Just so," he said. "Didn't see us, perhaps, sir?"

"Not you," I said; "no."

P. M. HUBBARD

6 6

Foot-notes

"But the wood-wren still sings—both the shivering trill and the plaintive note—and in a renewal of perfect early summer weather the garden warbler continuously warbling in woodland cover, steps into the nightingale's shoes."

The Times



DON'T GO DOWN THE MINE, SNOTTIE!

"YOU two are scarcely a credit to the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club," said Strapfarthing. He had been joined by Cranmer and Purbright at the edge of the stone terrace, and the three, sipping Tio Pepe, were comfortably aware of the toilers, knives tied round their waists with string, who were working at dinghy gear just below them. "I can see that, basically, you are clad in white flannels; but what you have been doing to them I shudder to think."

"When we set out this afternoon," said Purbright, "our flannels were clean and we bore our tennis rackets with an air. We were so beautiful that an admiral stopped and spoke to us."

"Which admiral?" asked Strapfarthing. Their ship was at Gibraltar for combined fleet exercises and it could have been almost any admiral.

"Our own one," said Cranmer. "His object was to ask the traditional question. 'Going down a coal

mine, I suppose, eh?' he said. We laughed with him—"

"What's the joke?" asked Strapfarthing. "What's so funny about a coal mine?" Purbright and Cranmer turned on him in amazement. "Where have you been all this time?" asked Purbright.

"For all my new straight stripes," said Strapfarthing, "I do not belong to the Caretaker Branch. I normally only join the Navy in war-time when there's something to be done. I am here for a fortnight's training. Remember?" "Of course," said Purbright. "I beg your pardon," said Cranmer. "Explain to him, Purbright."

"It is naval folk-lore," said Purbright. "Once upon a time, which (as with all such legends) may be taken as having been that of Lord Charles Beresford, two midshipmen, spotless in white flannels, proceeded ashore with tennis rackets at a foreign port; in Scotland, perhaps, or some other place furnished

with coal mines. A friendly native accosted them, asking whether they would like to go down a mine nearby. The midshipmen accepted with alacrity and spent a novel and instructive afternoon in borrowed overalls. In the evening, back in their white flannels and once more carrying tennis rackets, they caught the officers' boat. In the boat was the admiral who was, of course, Lord Charles Beresford. 'Been playing tennis?' he asked, making friendly, if obvious, conversation. 'Oh no, sir,' said the midshipmen, meaning no harm. 'We've been down a coal mine.' Lord Charles told the captain who told the commander who told the snotties' nurse who stopped the two midshipmen's leave for a month."

"I see," said Strapfarthing. "It is a rugged service."

"You may now continue, Cranmer," said Purbright.

"We had set out," said Cranmer, "to play tennis on a court belonging

LAMENT

W/AY back in nineteen forty-two,
When streamlined was my
chassis,
I bought myself a summer coat,
Expensive, chic and classy.

It very nearly broke the bank,
But being navy blue—
"The English lady's uniform"—
It went to every "do."

With plain dark frock and cultured
pearls
It graced a dinner date,
And went, along with figured silk,
To every garden fête.

* * * * *

O Plodding Peace that swells my
hips!
O Starch that makes me wide!
My coat that once was "edge-to-
edge"
Is frankly "side-to-side."



to a senior officer of another Service, who had kindly placed it—for what it was worth, he said—at the ship's disposal during her visit. We were the first to go. Its surface was fully Gibraltarian, being apparently compounded of oil fuel, lava, ashes and black gravel. As the net was not up we crossed to the summer-house. Its type I recognized at once. It might have been transferred, complete with contents, from a Church of Ireland rectory in County Cavan. It had stained-glass windows and contained sets and parts of sets of things: a bumble-puppy pole, seventeen squashed ping-pong balls, two of the moving parts of a lawn-marking machine, a long, long pole with a knife attached to one end, the I, III, IV, VII, IX and XII of a clock-golf set, four croquet balls *all yellow*, a bedraggled shuttlecock, a pogo-stick, a tip-cat, three croquet-hoops which someone, Supercar perhaps, had *beat out into straight bars* . . .

"I begin to get the idea, thank you," said Strapfarthing.

"I've hardly begun," said Cranmer. "There were also a doll's

tea-set with papier mâché cakes and bananas on its plates, a copy of the rules of Ludo, photographs of rowing eights, a rubber bone . . ."

"Strapfarthing gets the idea," said Purbright, "although I admit you have not yet mentioned the stilts, the bird-cage and the zither."

"I'll stop," said Cranmer, "but there was much more. I'll make a list for you sometime, Strapfarthing, and you can run your eye over it." The Mediterranean sun, low in the sky, glinted on Cranmer's spectacles as he looked up across the harbour. "Like a long letter from an aunt," he said. "An accretion, I suppose, of the domestic effects of a succession of empire-builders."

"Get on," said Purbright.

"Sorry," said Cranmer. "Intermingled with all this we could see the tennis net with its two heavy poles. We began moving things about. Everything that wasn't rusty was oily; and everything that wasn't oily had dried whitewash, cobwebs and dead moths on it. We managed to get the poles out. Then, with cricket stumps, a croquet mallet and a lengthy, irrelevant piece of wire still entangled with it, we got the net outside. Purbright had cut himself on a piece of stained glass and I had been half-stunned by a sudden fall of bowls, but otherwise, except of course for our white clothes, we were almost intact. We freed the net and took an end each. It was a tarry structure and left grid-marks on our shirts and trousers. I hooked up my end and Purbright began to wind at his. I moved to the middle of the net to measure with rackets. Just as I got there the wire parted. All hope for our appearance having by now gone, we lowered the seats of our trousers on to the lava and joined the wire together again. The wire had then to be threaded back through its canvas net-top, all-same pyjama legs. We hoisted the net again, and again it parted. The third time it held, and we began to play. The score was 30-15 in the first game when a powerful forehand drive struck the top of the net. The wire parted, and thoughts of Tio Pepe immediately supervened. Bundling all the gear back into the summer



"Caught him in the act!"

house, we descended the Rock and arrived on the terrace here."

"Beer," said an authoritative voice from just below them. A workmanlike figure in blue shorts, with string round his waist and a sailmaker's needle stuck in his hat, rose from among pieces of his dinghy and settled himself on the low wall beside their table. It was the admiral. "Beer," he said again. "Do I have to repeat every order I give?" As Strapfarthing issued prompt instructions to the steward, the admiral took in the appearance of Purbright and Cranmer, and a look of delight came over his face. "So you *did* go down a coal mine," he said . . .

"The appearance of these officers would perhaps have pleased Lord Charles Beresford, sir," suggested Strapfarthing, interposing small-talk.

"Why him?" asked the admiral.

"Wasn't he the admiral who . . ." began Purbright.

"Lord Charles Beresford in a pig's eye," said the admiral, who had recently served on an integrated staff. "He was many years before my time." Leaning his head back, he tipped in half his beer. "I should know," he said. "It was my leave that got stopped."



NEARLY EQUAL

THE woman went into matters of supply. "We'd better have another pound of sugar. Will you go and get it?" She elaborated. "Caster. I prefer it to granulated. There isn't any loaf. Tell Joy that Margaret thought there was loaf, and marked up the books, and put a note on, 'Pound of sugar to come.'"

The man checked over the order. "Caster sugar. Tell Joy——" He invited repetition. "What did Margaret do?"

She made it easier for him. "Find my bag. The brown bag. There are the books in it. Look at the first page, down at the bottom. There's a note there, you'll find, 'Pound of sugar to come.'" She postponed the next step till he had seen it.

"Brown bag——" He examined

it. "There isn't anything in it," he informed her.

"Not my *old* bag. My *new* bag. On the *wagon*. Or in the kitchen." She gave him a minute. "Have you got it?" She proceeded. "Turn to the first page, down at the bottom——"

He got there before her. "It isn't there."

"Look in the other one," she instructed, and awaited results. When none came, she prompted him. "Well?"

He said "No."

"You're looking at the right page?"

"WT", he read out. "'Two-five-three-six-C stroke four-eight-five-four. Five thousand-M. Eleven stroke fifty. H. O, bracket five-four-O-seven close bracket. Form R G twelve-A over eight stroke fifty.'"

"Not that page. The first *ration* page."

He turned over a page. "Where it's divided into little boxes with the figures 'Three,' 'Two,' 'One' in them?"

"Of course."

"'Pound of sugar to come,'" he repeated the formula. "It isn't there."

She took personal charge. "Here, give them to me."

She handed them back and put a proposition to him. "You wouldn't expect to find notes about this week's sugar though, in last year's books?" She took the moment into her keeping to make a triumph of it with other women. "I shall really have to tell Margaret about that when I see her."

He accepted attachment to the chariot. "Or Joy."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

"I BET Brenda will be wearing socks," said Jane.

"Of course she won't," answered her mother. "Mrs. Green is far too sensible to let Brenda change into socks just yet."

"But I'm *hot*!"

"Once and for all," her mother said firmly, "you will go on wearing stockings until it is warmer."

"I bet when we meet Brenda," said Jane, "she'll be wearing socks. And I shall get hotter and *hotter*. I'll probably get a temperature. I might even die."

"That's not likely."

They went on in silence, which continued broodingly until they saw Brenda and her mother coming towards them.

"There!" cried Jane. "Brenda is wearing socks!"

"That's enough," her mother said. "I won't hear another word."

But she did, after they had gone home at the end of the afternoon. So that, when they met Brenda and her mother again the following day, Jane wore socks.

And Brenda was wearing stockings.
M. R.





GOSSIP

ROOKS caw to neighbours in the old church trees,
Round the square tower the tongues of magpies
clack,

In a near field ducks, soldier-waddling, quack
Rumours of ponds; old women lean and squeeze

Scandal from quiet hours now sliding red
Over the rugged headpiece of the hill,
While youth tells whispered secrets to the still
Warmth of the dusk; towards the old King's Head

Men who have been the dawn's companions go
Late from the twilit fields to drink their ale
Lingeringly; drop their words upon the pale
Evening, their voices country-burred and slow.

Now the last echo of the day has died,
Beneath the stars the village lies asleep;
But, with their mates, the tawny owls still keep
Constant the gossip of the countryside.





HOW TO BUY A WEDDING PRESENT

ROSEMARY said she was keeping a list, otherwise she'd be writing to thank the wrong ghastly person for the wrong ghastly present. She was more than thankful that to-morrow was the last day for receiving entries. Oh, she hoped I didn't think that just because I was coming to the wedding I should have to give them a present. She hadn't meant that at all.

Victor said that he didn't mind what I gave them as long as it wasn't a coffee percolator. They had five percolators already. People seemed to think they were going to live on coffee. They weren't. Far from it. In fact, what they could do with was a corkscrew. Not an ordinary corkscrew but a decent one with a sort of cap thing that fitted over the bottle. French, they were.

The young lady in Universal Providers said they didn't reckon to stock that kind of corkscrew.

The young lady in the iron-mongers said I ought to try Universal Providers. They'd be sure to keep it.

The man in the other iron-mongers said that he had corkscrews fit for any bottle in the world. British corkscrews. Real engineering jobs. With no fancy French fittings. And cheaper.

The man in the tool-shop said a corkscrew wasn't a tool. He didn't know what it was. It wasn't his job to know what it was. But he did

know it wasn't a tool, otherwise he'd have it in stock. I ought to try a catering firm.

The Trades Directory said Sprott Ltd. Catering Suppls. 219 Trafalgar Street.

The postman said he'd never heard of no Sprott. Not at 219, and he'd been on the walk since 1946. Half a minute. There was a Sprout now I mentioned it. S-P-R-O-U-T. They were back at twenty-six. There wasn't a bus.

The man at Sprout's said he still wasn't quite clear why I expected a theatrical costumier to stock corkscrews. Admittedly it was an interesting approach to the problem, but mightn't I stand a better chance of actually getting a corkscrew at, for example, an off-licence.

The young lady in the Butterie Hache said you couldn't beat Gaskell and Trollope for that sort of thing. They only supplied the Trade, though, as far as she knew. Up to the top of the road and then turn right. I couldn't miss it.

The policeman said she must've meant left. About a mile back. There wasn't a bus.

The man in Gaskell and Trollope's said they only supplied the Trade. However, if I wished to fit up a bar or a small cocktail lounge without delay he would accommodate me. Could he interest me in a gross of beer-engines? Oh. One corkscrew, French, with a cap. Yes,

they had. No, not the one I was fiddling with. That was to allow champagne to be served to invalids without opening a magnum every four hours. He was glad I didn't wish to dose any invalids with champagne. He was sure the Tire-bouchon Mark IX would give every satisfaction. One merely screwed down on the top handle thus, and then up on both handles together. Oh dear. I should have taken care to keep my left thumb out of the lower thread.

The nurse said that I mustn't make a fuss. It was a nice clean flesh wound. It wouldn't need stitches.

Rosemary's letter said that they were very grateful for my present. They thought that it was such an original idea and they would think of me every time they had breakfast.

Victor said that if Rosemary said I'd given them a percolator then I probably had. Oh, that was it on the mantelpiece, was it? They had thought it was an egg-whisk. Rosemary's list said *someone* had given them either an egg-whisk or a spy-glass. He was jolly grateful to have it all settled. He thought it was an amusing stunt to give them a corkscrew and he thought it was more than bright of me to think of it. Was this how it worked?

I said he should have taken care to keep his left thumb out of the lower thread.

JINGLE FROM THE EAST COAST

THE trawler may be swifter, but the drifter is the smaller—

It is not so much a hauler, like the trawler, as a lifter;

It suspends a hempen curtain

Made for herrings to get stuck in,

But the trawler's never certain

What may be there for the pluckin';

Any kind of sea-bed crawler may be dragged up by the trawler;

If the drifter is a one-er, then the trawler's more an all-er;

Possibly a hundred-tonner.

Now I think I need a sniffer.

RICHARD MALLETT

NO DECEPTION

BEFORE leaving home I had undertaken not to let myself be imposed upon. Recollections of my last used-car bargain still rankled.

"I'm afraid I don't know the first thing about cars," said the man Rook, when I got there. Unprepared, it was just the sort of thing I should have said myself. Instead I walked round the car with a dealer's air, standing back occasionally as if to examine some detail which might have escaped the untrained eye.

"She looks very smart," I said. It was a lapse. She'd been smartened up for the occasion, obviously.

"She's been smartened up for the occasion," said Rook. "Matter of fact she shows the dirt rather badly. Care to look at the engine?"

He was trying to raise the bonnet, but it wouldn't raise.

"Sticking?" I said.

"Something broken inside, I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," I said. "They do stick a bit sometimes." I felt sorry for the chap. Up against me, and without an ounce of salesmanship in him.

We got the bonnet open between us. I couldn't see anything broken, but Rook caught hold of some kind of spring latch and waggled it. "Shouldn't be loose like that, should it?"

I said I didn't think it mattered, and added that the engine looked nice and clean. I've no idea whether this means anything in engines.

"Oil down there," Rook said, rubbing his finger on something and showing me a thin smear. "Leak of some sort, I expect. But of course she's not a new car, not by any means."

I quite understood that, I said. After all—

"Taken a beating, really, this last twelve years. Kept her going all through the war. Kids all grew up in her, you might say, jumping on the seat springs, picking at the upholstery and so on. Then my wife and eldest daughter learnt to drive in her. So, of course, she's a bit..." He trailed off, putting his hand on the edge of the roof and rocking the car vigorously.

I looked inside, opening and shutting the doors judiciously.



"Nice bit of garden you've got."



"Doesn't seem in bad condition," I said, "considering everything."

"She looks all right," said Rook, scraping a little rust off a headlamp with his fingernail. "But—well, I suppose you'd like a run round?"

"Thank you," I said firmly. I had been told particularly to be firm about this. "Have any starting trouble at all?" I said, as we climbed in.

"Sometimes have to use the handle," said Rook. "Nuisance, really."

"I see."

"Usually when it's frosty."

"Oh, well—"

"If she's been standing for a couple of weeks, you know."

That could happen with any car, I told him kindly. Why, with my old crate—

He sighed, and arranged the controls. "Sometimes doesn't start even when it's warm," he said. He pressed the starter button and the engine came smoothly to life.

"Seems all right now," I said, as we glided off.

"Some of the windows jam," said Rook.

I wound mine up and down with ease.

"The driver's window, chiefly," said Rook. He wound it up and down with ease.

We were out on the main road now. The ride seemed well-sprung and rattle-free despite a decade of childish destruction. We ascended a slight gradient at fifty miles an hour.

"Confounded choke," said Rook—"have to keep it out for ages." He pushed it in, and we gathered speed.

"Goes very well," I said after a minute or two.

"Noisy in second gear, didn't you notice?"

The man wanted saving from himself.

"It was three-fifty you wanted, wasn't it?" I said.

Rook went pink. "I must say, it sounds an awful lot. Or nearest offer, let's say. I mean, if you think . . . after all, a twelve-year-old car . . . I could hardly expect . . ."

"I like her," I said. "Three-fifty, then."

"Brakes want adjusting," he said. He stepped on the brakes by way of illustration and I was thrown

with a moderate impact against the windscreen.

"What about the wipers?" I said.

He turned on the wipers. They worked splendidly.

"Stick sometimes," he said. He turned them off, then on again, trying to make them stick. They wouldn't. I felt sympathetic, and turned them off myself, and on again. There was nothing wrong with the wipers. Rook sighed again, as we swept into the drive and pulled up before his front door.

When he switched off I got my cheque-book out. Mrs. Rook arrived in some gardening gloves and said "So you're going to have her?"

"Please," I said.

"Sometimes," said Rook, "the engine fires back after you switch it off."

"Three-fifty," I said, giving him the cheque.

"Well," he said, "if you—"

Mrs. Rook said "I hope Hugh told you the spare tyre's only a re-tread."

"That's fine, fine," I said, and moved over into the driver's seat.

It had begun to rain, and they covered under the porch. "Good-bye, then," they said, waving. "Good luck."

The clutch was a bit fierce, and crossing the main road I managed to stall the engine. The starter whirled energetically for some time, but the red dash-light continued to glow warmly. When I got out with the starting-handle three excursion coaches were waiting to pass. I declined to be drawn into conversation with the drivers.

The windscreen was opaque with rain when I got back into the car. I turned on the wipers. They didn't turn on. A raindrop splashed on my hand from the join in the sunshine roof as I got off at last in second gear, with a slight screaming noise which drowned comment from the interested excursionists.

At any rate, I thought, trying in vain to wind up the driver's window which had unaccountably stuck, if they thought I'd been imposed upon when I got home, they could always ring up Rook.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

FOOTWORK

WHEN, over the top of the car, I saw Mr. Mace, our village boot repairer, emerge from his shop doorway and begin to cross the sunny street, I did not, of course, panic.

I had a perfect right to have bought, at our local ironmonger's, one of those curious black iron shoe-repairing aids which I have personally always known as a foot—the sort of thing one puts shoes on to hammer them.

I could, therefore, have stood my ground outside the ironmonger's, foot in hand, until Mr. Mace reached me. No doubt I could have told him, casually, that I had dodged into the ironmonger's solely to avoid Mrs. Porter-Porters. This plain truth must have won his sympathy, for Mrs. Porter-Porters is universally dreaded for the tenacity of her conversations. Indeed, a friend of mine once estimated that twenty per cent of the total sales of goods in our village shops could be directly attributed to the approach of Mrs. Porter-Porters.

I could have gone further, still adhering to the truth, and confided to Mr. Mace that all my life I have longed to own a foot for hammering shoes on, because the things fascinate me, but somehow I never have. This might have touched him.

But Mr. Mace is a man of firm views; of whom it has been alleged, with how much justice I cannot say, that rash support of the wrong government in idle talk across the counter may delay rubber heels by as much as ten days. I had no means of estimating his opinion of privately-owned feet.

So, before he actually caught sight of me, I halted behind the car, whipped open the back door . . . and closed it gently.

Calm on the pavement, I cordially acknowledged Mr. Mace's greeting. I observed that above his apron he was clasping a pair of high-heeled shoes in some silvery material.

"Asked me to put 'em in the car for her," he muttered to me, without enthusiasm; and he jerked open

the door and jabbed down the shoes. Then he stiffened. He looked at me. He pointed a brown tense forefinger into the car—straight at the foot sitting blackly on the maroon upholstery.

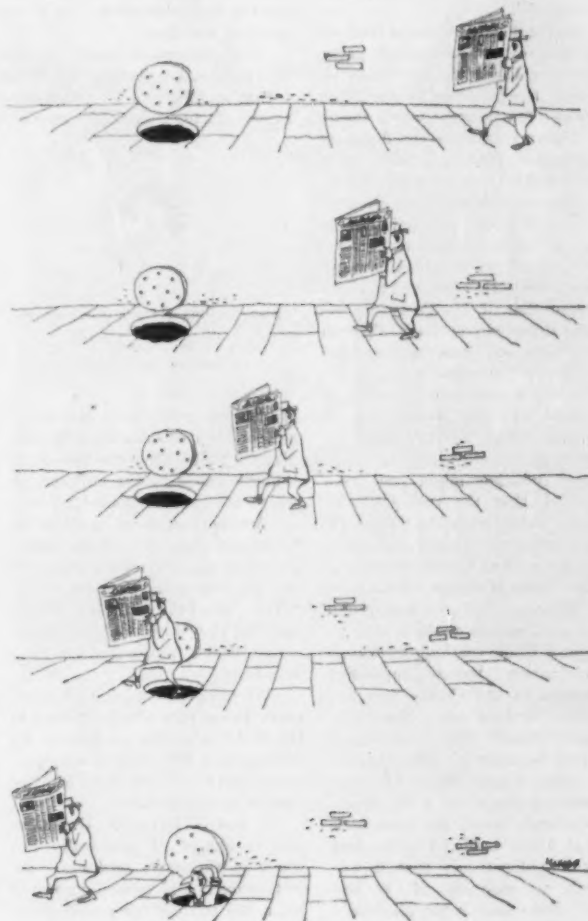
"See!" he said. "And then expects anybody to break their neck getting *her* shoes done first! I'd like to see myself break *my* neck again for *her* shoes!"

I murmured sympathetically. When he had slammed the door and

stamped off I removed my foot from Mrs. Porter-Porters' car and bore it unobtrusively up the street to my own.

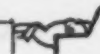
TREE INTO POEM

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree . . .*
Yet, oddly, I have heard it hinted
That trees are pulped and poems
printed.
E. V. MILNER





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, June 23

Right at the opening of the debate on the Licence for the British Broadcasting

Corporation Mr. Speaker ruled,

with his usual clarity, that sponsored television, as a subject for speeches, was out. From then onwards, every few minutes, the occupant of the Chair had to rise and rebuke Members for straying beyond the ruling and talking about sponsored TV.

So the debate became a fascinating sort of cat-and-mouse game, with the Chair always ready to pounce, the possessor of the Floor always a few pungent words ahead. Mr. DAVID GAMMANS, the Assistant Postmaster General, who commended the Licence to the House, had scarcely ended when Mr. PAT GORDON-WALKER plunged into an orgy of acid comments on the "STV plan" (as Members now call it, for short). He contrived to make it plain that if his Party regains power there will be no STV, even if, by then, the Conservatives have been able to introduce it.

It was a trifle difficult to know precisely why the critics took so intensely bitter an attitude, but they certainly did; and an uninformed onlooker might well have imagined that the future of the country would be at stake if some TV programme turned out to be sponsored by a tooth-paste company.

Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, for instance, as a TV star in his own undisputed right, grew so hot about it that he got out a whole scathing fortissimo condemnation before successive occupants of the Chair—first Mr. HOPKIN MORRIS and then Mr. Speaker himself—could cut in and tell him he mustn't. Mr. Speaker was quite frank about his own failure to perform (on a ten-times-nightly basis) much the same task as that which baffled Canute, and he said apologetically that it was difficult to stop Mr. M. in full spate. But—such is Mr. Mayhew's

eloquence and power of persuasion—nobody really minded if he *did* ignore the ruling of the Chair. In any case, he apologized with the shy smile which has launched a thousand TV talks on world affairs, and all was well.

But, of course, the House shared the inability of Omar Khayyám to cancel half a line of what *had* been said, and as each successive speaker broke the rules, was called to order, and apologized, the debate went merrily on, "disorderly" as it was most of the time.

One statement made by Mr. MAYHEW rather startled the House—that as soon as a TV programme attracted a big audience its standard



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Grimond
(Orkney and Zetland)

of taste inevitably fell. But he got a cheer from all sides when he complained that there are too many things already in our national life which are commercialized.

Another statement, made by Mr. GAMMANS, gained a general cheer: his warm and unqualified praise for the Parliamentary reports of the B.B.C. His only criticism of them was that they were not long enough—and that's praise indeed of a broadcast.

When all the tumult had ended there was a vote which resulted in the B.B.C.'s getting its Licence by 302 votes to 267. The triumphant cheer from the Government benches needed no amplification.

It was G. Day—Mr. GAMMANS was in charge of practically the whole of the day's business. He first moved, and gained approval for, a Bill to raise the poundage of

some postal orders, in spite of almost tearful appeals from some Opposition Members for special consideration for the poor punter who would have to pay more for entering the Pools or settling his losses on a horse. "A penny," cried one, voice a-quiver, "means a very great deal to some—it means nothing to those who bet thousands of pounds at a time!"

Before the Government side had recovered from this alleged glimpse of The Way The Other Half Lives (both Halves, in fact) the proposal was passed. Mr. GAMMANS revealed, by the way, that our postal orders may in future be freshly printed as we buy, for there is a machine which makes this possible. Whether a stale P.O. is less valuable than a new one was not clear. Several schoolboys in the Gallery showed great interest.

Tuesday, June 24

Lord CROOK insisted that their rather astonished Lordships accompany him on an inspection of the hidden parts of restaurants (including a "well-publicized one"), offices and places of entertainment, which, he said, were not covered by laws relating to conditions of employment. And, he added, the conditions were certainly not good in many cases—in fact, they were definitely bad, and he wanted something done about it.

Lord CROOK received great support from other noble Lords, but the Lord Chancellor, while expressing much sympathy with the demand for better—and particularly cleaner—conditions of work, could hold out no hope of early legislation. He added that there was no difference between the Parties on this matter.

When Question-time ended in the Commons Mr. CHURCHILL made a brief statement about the bombing, by United Nations planes, of power stations on the Korean-Manchurian frontier. It was clear (indeed, he made no secret of the fact) that he

House of Lords:
Rt. Inspection
House of Commons:
Tumult

did not know much about the raids, but he stressed that there had been no change of Government policy on the question of seeking to avoid any extension of the Korean war.

It was noted that Mr. BEVAN and his friends assumed the highly dramatic grouping with which readers of these Impressions are familiar—balanced tautly on seat-edges, and so on. As Mr. CHURCHILL sat down the entire group rose in unison, but Mr. ATTLEE was even quicker, and got in with a comment that the British Government ought, at least, to have been consulted before so great a raid was made at a time when armistice talks were under way.

Then Mr. BEVAN had his go, quoting from a bound volume of *Hansard* and contriving to present his whole critical case in a few sentences. Then Mr. ATTLEE again, with the tension mounting all the time, and Mr. Speaker having to appeal for order at intervals of a few moments.

When the excitement was at its height Mr. ATTLEE formally sought leave to move the adjournment to call attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance. Mr. Speaker agreed that the description seemed to fit the situation, but held that the adjournment could not be granted, since the full facts were not available, and it was doubtful if any Minister had direct responsibility for a United Nations action.

Mr. CHURCHILL suggested that the Opposition might use its Supply Day rights and have the debate to-morrow—which, after consideration, Mr. ATTLEE agreed to do.

Wednesday, June 25

Instead of the expected debate on the cost of living, with plenty of (more or less) cheerful badinage between the Parties, the House found itself discussing the grave issue of peace and war. Mr. ATTLEE opened the debate with carefully-phrased criticism of the fact that the major air-raid had been launched at a time when strong efforts were being made to get an armistice. It seemed strange, he said mildly. His supporters showed, by

their fierce cheers, that they were strongly critical of the Government for letting things go so far without protest.

Mr. EDEN made it clear that the Government had not been informed or consulted about the raid and added frankly: "I regret that." But he was equally emphatic that, the action having been taken, the Government supported it. To do

otherwise would be to play into the hands of those who (to use Mr. ATTLEE's phrase) "hated us and the Americans equally."

The debate could not be said to be conclusive, but it was useful, if only because it let the Government make plain its own position in this all-important matter—as it will also do, no doubt, through "other channels."



House of Commons:
Korea



AT THE PLAY



Dial "M" for Murder (WESTMINSTER)—*The Pink Room* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

ONE of the most notable things about the theatre since the war has been the dullness of its crime. Death has continued to haunt the bookstalls in a spate of novels of alarming ingenuity, while on the stage it has merely jogged along the middle path of corpses in the library, agitated house-parties and bronchial policemen. We have missed both the robust excitement of Edgar Wallace and the taut crossword puzzle of Anthony Armstrong, and we had begun to fear that all the neater items in the morgue were now reserved for the railway carriage and the bedside bookcase.

Mr. FREDERICK KNOTT's *Dial "M" For Murder*, a recruit from television, revives our hopes. Of the school of "Ten Minute Alibi"—in other words, you have to listen carefully—it tells a lean, tense story, putting all the aces but one on the table, and making an absorbing pattern of its five well-balanced characters.

The *Wendices* (they sound to me as if a mathematical professor had tried to find a formula for "Peter Pan") are not a very happy couple, for she has a lover, and he is a playboy tennis star; but it comes as a surprise when, wanting her cash,

he blackmails a boyhood chum into throttling her. His plan seems perfect, but has not allowed for a pair of scissors which the swooning girl uses lethally. Then *Tony Wendice* has to think very quickly. The rest of the evening is concerned with whether he has thought quickly enough, and there we must leave it, adding a strong rider that you should go and find out for yourselves.

The production ticks with Greenwich accuracy, thanks to Mr. JOHN FERNALD, and the acting holds our interest steadily. *Tony's* icy villainy is given sinister depths by Mr. EMRYS JONES, and Miss JANE BAXTER plays his wife charmingly. Mr. OLAF POOLEY makes a vintage bad egg, Mr. ALAN MACNAUGHTAN a refreshingly homespun lover, and Mr. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK's slow Scots Chief Inspector, a mountain with an ominous chuckle, keeps us guessing all the time—which is the whole aim of the operation.

Mr. RODNEY ACKLAND has always been fascinated by frustration. His liking for a group of neurotics bemoaning the price of some spiritual ticket to Moscow has sometimes left him weak on the side of plot, but in *The Pink Room* there is almost no plot at all. Nor is there any serious attempt to engage our sympathy

for as dreary a collection of human beings as any stage can have carried for a very long time. The clientèle of a shabby West End drinking club in 1945, they are all stock characters, from the self-pitying soaks and the loud-mouthed

egotists to the starry-eyed airman taking Yoga with his whisky; and, with the exception of an ancient evangelical foghorn who booms hell-fire through the window, they are all bores. I find it hard to describe the cumulative monotony of bibulous escapism dully produced on so grand a scale. Loneliness and failure are tragic, but not under these colours. Mr. ACKLAND, who used to be able to make such themes dramatic, now offers us only the weeds of despair. In such a superficial parade of mental down-and-outs acting has little chance, but Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY does what she can for the awful proprietress, and Miss MAUREEN DELANY is an arresting trumpeter of doom. Perhaps a new Ackland will arise from these ashes.

Recommended

Winter Journey (St. James's) turns a magazine story into exciting theatre. *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket) is a competent essay in the Chekhov manner, excellently acted. Coward has found his comic form again in *Relative Values* (Savoy).

ERIC KEOWNS



Christine Fookett
MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY



Chief Inspector Hubbard—MR. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK
Sheila Wendice—MISS JANE BAXTER Tony Wendice—MR. EMRYS JONES

AT THE OPERA

La Cenerentola—Idomeno
(GLYNDEBOURNE)

WHEN the orchestra strikes up the overture to *La Cenerentola* at Glyndebourne it is as though Maestro GUI had released the cork from a magnum of champagne. After a bare half-minute of seriousness a fountain-jet of gaiety spurts high into the air, winking, sparkling and chuckling with delight at its own exuberance. On and on it goes, as streams of absurd tunes come bubbling to the surface in one instrument after another and then burst for the sheer fun of bubbling up again instantly somewhere else. Even when the last piccolo tune has surfaced and vanished it is not the end. The tune goes fizzling on in the strings as if it could never stop.

Everyone is under the irresistible infection by the time the blue and gold curtain parts. *Cenerentola*'s sisters are drinking coffee and trying on their finery. They are in *déshabille* of the most startling, with outside mob-caps parodying the enormous white Canterbury bells we have seen while walking in the garden a few minutes ago. *Cenerentola* appears. For her there can be no finery, frills or furbelows. She brings coffee for her sisters and wood for the fire, singing a plaintive little

ditty to herself. *Cenerentola*, as you will have guessed even if you did not know it before, is the same person—nearly—as *Cendrillon* or *Cinderella*. Nearly, but not quite; for if you have crossed a frontier you will never be quite the same afterwards. In crossing the Channel with her fairy godmother *Cendrillon* exchanged her fur slippers for glass ones, and blossomed forth as *Cinderella*; while in taking the trip to Italy she lost fairy godmother, slippers and all. In their place *Cenerentola* makes do with a philosopher-magician and a pair of bracelets.

CARL EBERT's production of *La Cenerentola* is utter enchantment from beginning to end.

The story provided ROSSINI with scope for all the inconsequentialities of Italian comic opera—plots, disguises, a charming love-duet, a comic villain, a patter-song for two people, adjuring one another to be quiet, *zitto, zitto, piano, piano*, and a *dénouement* in which everyone tells everyone else, at great speed and with a rolling of r's like a toyshop full of clockwork engines, how astonishing it all is. It also enables OLIVER MESSEL, the designer, to indulge his love of the rococo in a riot of twisted gold and silver columns, staircases like flying serpents, horses plunging through thunderclouds and the like.

The period he has chosen for his costumes is about 1830, when clothes were splendid and fantastic head-dresses the vogue. His ball-dresses are a pageant of colour dazzling to see. *Cenerentola*'s dress of white embroidered with pearls, gold and jewels looks as if fairy fingers had made it, while even the Ugly Sisters are dressed with supreme elegance. But, however splendid the setting, any production of *La Cenerentola* stands or falls with the principal singer, who must be that rarity—a *coloratura* contralto. In the relatively unknown Spanish singer MARINA DE GABARAIN the perfect *Cenerentola* has been found. Her beautiful, velvety voice was



clouded with nervousness on the first night (as well it might be), but there could be no doubt at all about her talent or the unusual charm of her personality. Her gentle, hesitant *Cenerentola* is the perfect foil to the brilliance and wit of the Ugly Sisters, *Clorinda* and *Tisbe* (ALDA NONI and FERNANDA CADONI). The rest of the cast are equally brilliant, and a minor triumph is scored by the Scottish baritone IAN WALLACE in the buffo rôle of *Don Magnifico*. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra was at its best, though a little too noisy for the size of the theatre.

MOZART's *Idomeno*, which was first presented at Glyndebourne last year, is a welcome revival this season. A special performance was given of it in memory of Fritz Busch, whose work with CARL EBERT at Glyndebourne from its inception until his death last year created new operatic standards in this country. Volumes could be written on the splendours of *Idomeno*, MOZART's only *opera seria* and, in its intensity of feeling, his masterpiece. It is incredible that it should have remained for so long the province of the amateur. The beauty and nobility of its presentation at Glyndebourne form a fitting monument to a musician who was as great a human being as he was an artist.

D. C. B.





at the PICTURES



Diplomatic Courier

Mara Maru

WHAT lifts the thriller *Diplomatic Courier* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY) out of the run of such things is, I think, not so much any unusual depth of characterization in the minor figures as the emphasis on a particular quality in that characterization. This is perhaps rather a tortuous way of expressing the view that two or three of the subsidiary personages are made interesting and amusing almost entirely by their constant readiness to give way to roaring bad temper. It is astonishing how stimulating to the spirit it can be to watch and listen to a U.S. Military Police colonel (STEPHEN McNALLY) and sergeant (KARL MALDEN) in Trieste who are in a constant state of exasperation, fed presumably by feelings of guilt because they are using a State Department diplomatic courier (TYRONE POWER) as a decoy without letting him know what danger he is in. As "the State Department's pet carrier pigeon" Mr. POWER gets into all the usual kind of spy-story trouble, and they have to keep chasing about after him in jeeps and rescuing him from a violent death at the hands of those smooth, knobbly, pin-eyed bull-necks that the films have taught us

to identify as Russians; what is refreshing is to observe their inexhaustible annoyance at having to do it. This, somehow, enormously brightens the general effect of a film very much of which is essentially routine thriller material—chases on foot and in cars, furtive creepings upstairs, enigmatic blunderings about in trans-European trains, fights, bangs on the head, miscellaneous gunplay, and—of course—the customary entanglement with not fewer than two personable young women, one of whom turns out to be on the other side. The director is known for good work in real, not studio-built surroundings; here he has used a good deal of back-projection, but so entertaining is the brisk flow of the picture that this soon ceases to distract and does not spoil one's pleasure. It has been objected that the story is absurd because the document all the fuss is about is merely an invasion timetable (and therefore possible to change, once it is known to have got into the wrong hands); but when did it ever matter in a chase-thriller exactly what a missing object was? The point is the chase—and in this instance the bad temper. I enjoyed the whole thing.

In *Mara Maru* (Director: GORDON DOUGLAS) also, another not at all unusual

thriller of adventure in the South Seas (Manila), the narrative style—notably a good deal of sardonic bite in the dialogue—has a valuably invigorating effect. To be sure, not all the dialogue has this quality, for in some scenes it is over-sentimental, but there is enough of that unaccustomed tang to make a noticeable difference.

Again, a combination of skilful writing and skilful direction prevents even one or two quite long spoken explanatory passages from being wearisome. ERROL FLYNN appears as an ex-Navy man with a salvage business; he does the diving himself (down-down-down music, underwater music) while two young Filipino assistants man the boat and give him air—except in the central episode, for which it is arranged that



[Mara Maru]

Mason—ERROL FLYNN

the crew shall consist mainly of crooks keen to do away with him. The treasure he is after is a church relic, which involves some uncharacteristic yielding to conscience at the end. Good suspense; it is all engrossing enough, and PAUL PICERNI is very entertaining as a bland trimmer.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

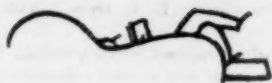
Though I can't speak with knowledge of it yet, *The Importance of Being Earnest* looks like the most promising new one in London.

New releases include the theatrical but very gay *Who Goes There?* (25/6/52) and an efficient melodrama with JOAN CRAWFORD, *This Woman is Dangerous*, but the best is a reissue: *The Fallen Idol* (13/10/48).

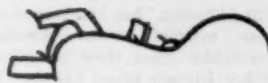
RICHARD MALLETT



Diplomatic Courier
Enrie—KARL MALDEN Colonel Cagle—STEPHEN McNALLY
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BOOKING OFFICE



Poor Old Theatre

The Unholy Trade. Richard Findlater. Gollancz, 16/-

The Collected Plays of W. Somerset Maugham. 3 Vols. Heinemann, 15/- each

THERE is a core of hard common sense in *The Unholy Trade*, but Mr. Richard Findlater overstates a fair case in his examination of the ills of the British theatre. It is as misleading to say that during the two hundred years between 1700 and 1900 our theatre lacked drama as it is to claim that the common run of English players is inadequately equipped to meet the challenge of drama of classic quality.

But with many of Mr. Findlater's findings it is more difficult to quarrel. He deplores the way in which art has been submerged in industry, almost to the point of anarchy; the treatment of theatres as units of real estate, to be gambled in and monopolized, instead of as national assets; the training of far more actors than can be absorbed; the shortage of good new plays; and the effect of half-baked psychology on public taste. In all this he takes the very darkest view, but many of the facts are with him; and though the remedies he puts forward will not appeal to everyone, at least he has the courage to suggest them in some detail. Mainly he wants a National Theatre, a much larger state subsidy for the progressive theatre in general (to be administered by the Drama Department of the Arts Council), and restrictions on the rents, conversion, and monopolies of playhouses. Among his more debatable demands is the complete annulment of the Lord Chamberlain's powers.

Mr. Findlater accuses our playwrights, faced by world crisis, of burying their heads in the sand, but at the same time blames the *avant-garde* Puritans for wanting their drama sad and earnest. How he wants it himself he fails, in any clear terms, to tell us. A further weakness of his presentation is that in the second half of the book he discovers such encouragement in the theatrical activity of the last ten years as seems to refute some of his extreme pessimism at the beginning. These later passages, however, often prove him a discerning critic, quick to uncover the pretentious, and sensitive in his judgments. His treatment of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Fry, our champion pioneers, is so good that it deserves longer quotation: "Mr. Eliot sees the unregenerate world as a swamp of illusions. Mr. Fry as a country of bewildering fantasy and beauty. Round the corner in Mr. Eliot's world, 'not a very jolly corner,' wait the Eumenides or the priest-psychiatrists, ready to fill the mouth with ashes, to set us on the road to abnegation and oblivion; round Mr. Fry's corner wait death and the magicians, to touch the world of fact with their wands, making us see the double life, the mystery of being. With this difference in attitude to life, it is not surprising that they seem to take a different view of the function of

the theatre. For Mr. Eliot it is a weapon for humbling men and bringing them to the realization that all is vanity. For Mr. Fry it is a means of spiritual refreshment, a holiday which helps us to see that all is mystery."

In this provoking but able book Mr. Findlater divides writers for the theatre into dramatists, whose work may last, and playwrights, whose concern is for the moment; and, like all attempting this perilous feat, trips up over Mr. Somerset Maugham. For you can point to "Our Betters" and "The Breadwinner" and "For Services Rendered," and say their author is no more than a supremely skilful journalist caring nothing for humanity, but "The Circle" stymies you every time. It has depth as well as polish, understanding as well as wit, and its chances of being ranked among the classic English high comedies are not small. With Mr. Maugham the story is paramount, and for that reason even his early pieces remain good reading. The re-issue of *The Collected Plays*, in three volumes which include the original prefaces, is an event.

ERIC KEOVY

John Constable and the Fishers. The Record of a Friendship. R. B. Beckett. Routledge, 25/-

It would be hard to find a book which gave you more insight into an artist's relations with his world than these unexpurgated letters between Constable and Archdeacon Fisher of Salisbury, his lifelong admirer, confidant and patron. Edited with companionable scholarship, the book is a joy to read, even as a "Barchester" period piece. But to a profounder scrutiny it will discover what Constable called "an artist's great appointment . . . to show the world what exists in nature." He and young Fisher (the favourite nephew of "John Sarum," who looked, his wife said,



"like Fénelon," but had been tutor to Victoria's papa), were married almost simultaneously; and the Constables spent their honeymoon at one of John Fisher Junior's plural livings. From thenceforth art and enthusiastic domesticity play first and second place in the correspondence. "I have a kingdom of my own . . . landscape and children," wrote Constable. One of the saddest of the calamities that overtook him was the house in Charlotte Street, where the sewage "played the devil with the oxygen in my colours"—and, though unsuspected, seems to have upset the family too.

H. F. E.

Cupid and the Jacaranda. Sachverell Sitwell. *Macmillan*, 24/-.

"I do not want this book," says Mr. Sitwell, "to be like any other book that has been written before." Nor indeed is it. Though the quest which began with "Dance of the Quick and the Dead" is here (for the fourth time) resumed, "this particular journey is not like the others." It is, by definition, a spiritual autobiography, exhibiting the growth of a poet's mind, which is none the less a poet's when it expresses itself in prose. Mr. Sitwell compares himself, aptly enough, to a humming-bird moth, flitting unpredictably but "with purpose and determination" from flower to flower. Not only flowers, but birds and buildings, paintings and music and dancing attract his attention—and all at their most elaborate and artificial, their most theatrical. Imaginative interpretation and creative fantasy merge and mingle in a tapestry of which the pattern (so intricate and apparently wayward are its components) is not to be easily apprehended, but of which every filament glistens.

F. B.



The Country of White Clover. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6

This distillation of a practised writer's delight in country matters is far more than a mere collection of essays, well though Mr. Bates turns his hand to that genre, in addition to the novel and short story. Here he has recalled a journey northwards through France in the van of spring, noted the slender pink and mauve Canterbury bells about Sevenoaks, flown from Lympe to Etaples to view all summer in a day and followed the changes attendant upon the seasons—changes not only in Nature's outward costume but implicit in his own reactions. His prose is shot with the delicate colours of Kent and Sussex, but sometimes, too, it bursts apart with a sudden explosion of forceful expression—much as the soft gentleness of a field of English clover would be disrupted by a patch of Madeira's summer dress. A book to linger through with the author, whether sidling along the valleys of Wales in a local train, basking in the blazing sun of southern Europe, or listening to the wisdom of the surviving countryman.

J. D.

SHORTER NOTES

The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. William McElwain. *Faber*, 21/-. A Jacobean *cause célèbre* reconstructed from the records in full detail and with admirable skill and spirit. A fascinating story of ambition overreaching itself and vanity finding its nemesis, of intrigue, villainy, political rivalries and legal chicanery, involving the Crown and the drags of the underworld and exhibiting English society at a moment of quite appalling disreputability.

Footnote on Capri. Norman Douglas. *Sidgwick and Jackson*, 10/6. Excellent brief account of Capri's history and exploitation, written as introduction to forty-eight fine photographs by Islay Lyons. Published posthumously, this last essay by Douglas shows no decline in wit and vigour.

West and East of Tito. Harry Hodgkinson. *Gollancz*, 12/6. East—Stalin and Russian Imperialism threatening to swallow up even lesser, brethren of the Slav race. West—parliamentary democracy as opposed to Communism. Between the horns of this dilemma Tito sits and resolutely seeks, not unsuccessfully, to put "Titoism" into practice. All this Mr. Hodgkinson, out of a wealth of first-hand knowledge of Yugoslav and Soviet problems, succinctly and most readably explains in a book that raises hopes of a peaceful future.

The Echoing Green. John Arlott. *Longmans*, 11/6. Collection of critical cricket essays and brief "profiles" of mixed quality. Zest and sentiment in plenty, but Mr. Arlott still angles rather too obviously at times for the telling phrase. Pleasant pieces on "Gadgets on the Green," Worcestershire, and Test Match grounds, and very welcome sketches of players who just miss the spotlight of international fame.

A Concise Encyclopædia of Gastronomy. André L. Simon. *Collins*, 42/-. Wonderfully comprehensive survey of food and drink of different parts of the world. Full of valuable definitions and recipes, from Malabar Nightshade to Dansk Schweizerost. This perfect bedside book for the epicure comprises nine paperbacks originally published by the Wine and Food Society, and now revised.

The Household Cavalry on Ceremonial Occasions. The Brigade of Guards on Ceremonial Occasions. Henry Legge-Bourke. *Macdonald*, 10/6 each. In numerous photographs, both coloured and monochrome, and in simple though sometimes over-technical letterpress, these two admirable books contain the answers to all the questions laymen ask when the Household Cavalry or the Guards are to be seen at their daily or occasional ceremonial duties.

The Bat that Flits. Norman Collins. *The Crime Club*, 10/6. Perhaps the author thought he could write a thriller on his head, and found too late that he couldn't. His tale about a Ministry of Supply (anti-) biological warfare research centre lacks his usual sparkle, but there is a plausibility about the "scientific" detail.

M for Mother

I PRESSED button A.

"Hullo?" my mother said.

"Hullo? Hullo? Hu——"

"Hullo," I said. "It's me."

"Why are you 'phoning?" my mother asked. "Are you ill?"

"No," I said.

"Are you sure? I didn't think it was you. You forgot to reverse the charge."

"I'm ringing to tell you I'm moving on Saturday," I said.

"Have you got somewhere to go?" my mother cried.

"Yes, of course. I'll give you the address."

"What kind of place is it?"

"It's a bed-sitting-room with a small kitchen."

"Is it clean?" my mother asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Did you look under the bed?"

"Yes," I said.

"No, you didn't," my mother said. "You would never dream of

looking under the bed. Did you look in the cupboards?"

"Yes," I said.

"Are the stairs clean?"

"There aren't any stairs," I said, "in a bed-sitting-room."

"Don't be so silly," my mother said. "There are stairs in the house aren't there?"

"Yes, they're clean," I said.

"What about the landlady?" my mother asked.

"She's clean," I said.

"I mean what is her name?" my mother cried.

"Mrs. Reynolds."

"What is she like? Do you like her?"

"She's all right," I said.

"What is her husband like?" my mother asked.

"I haven't met him," I said.

"What floor is it on?"

"Lower ground."

"Lower ground? What do you

mean, lower ground? Do you mean a basement?"

"Well, not really——"

"You'll get rheumatism!" my mother cried. "You'll get rheumatism like Aunt Gertrude and then you'll be sorry!"

"It's not a basement," I said. "I'd better give you the address before the pips go."

"All right."

"Are you ready?"

"Just a minute—yes?"

"Five," I began.

"Nine?" my mother asked.

"Five," I said. "Three, four, five."

"Three hundred and forty-nine?" my mother asked.

"No," I said. "Just five. It comes after four."

"What comes after four?"

"Five."

"Oh, five."

"Yes. Five, Harrison Road——"



"Alison?"

"Harrison."

"Alison?"

"Harrison."

"Alison, yes."

"Harrison. H Harry, A Abel, double R Roger, I Item, S Sugar—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" my mother demanded. "I don't understand a word you are saying. Who's Harry?"

"I'm spelling it," I said. "H. Have you got that?"

"What?"

"H," I said. "H. H. H."

There was a pause.

"I've been cut off!" my mother exclaimed loudly.

"No, you haven't," I said. "I'm spelling it. The first letter is H."

"Oh, yes."

"A.R.R.I.S.O.N."

"Harrison?"

"Yes. Harrison Road. And the same postal district as I am now."

"I see," my mother said. "Well, hold on, and I'll get a pencil and paper."

After a silence, she said "All right. Now, tell me again."

"Five." I said.

"You said five before."

"It is five," I said. "Five, Harrison Road."

"That's what I was saying," my mother said. "Five, Alison Road."

"Look," I said. "I'll write. I only phoned because I thought it would be quicker."

"All right," my mother said.

"Who's Harry?"

"I'll write," I said.

"All right," my mother said.

"Good-bye."

I rang off.

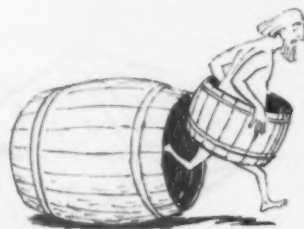
MARJORIE RIDDELL

THE CAMELOT WICKET DEVELOPS A SPOT

SO thro' the slow and languid afternoon
They toil'd, but toil'd in vain; the flying ball
Upeur'd and fell, and, falling, onward sped
In straight and level flight, nor rose, nor turn'd
This way or that, nor bent to left or right,
By subtle hand impell'd, but always found
The middle blade. About the sunlit lawn
The ghostly figures mov'd, as if in sleep.
But when athwart the field of Camelot
The lengthen'd shadows stretch'd their silent arms,
Lo! on a sudden from the beaten sward
It rear'd aslant, and bold Sir Lancelot
Struck impotent, in sad and mute amaze,
Yet lightly touch'd, and watch'd it as it fell
Safe in his waiting palms who bravely kept
His anxious guard behind the fluted bails;
So strode he back slow to the knightly tent.

Then to their equal doom Sir Percivale
Came willow-arm'd, Sir Torre, and young Lavaine,
And, nodding to the King a brief Farewell,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
Caught by a nimble varlet in the deep.
He, with the willow thrust beneath his arm,
Unloos'd the twisted gauntlets, fixt in thought,
And so return'd, and murmuring as he mov'd,
Flung off the armour of his candid greaves.
But Lancelot mus'd a little space, and stood
Upon the wicket, where the broken turf
Remember'd all the guile of Astolat.
He said: "It is a lovely spot; to-night
If gentle rain fall ere to-morrow's sun,
We will avenge us of our grievous wound."
So saying, from the ruin'd pitch he stept,
Twisting his fingers as he stroll'd away.

G. H. VALLINS



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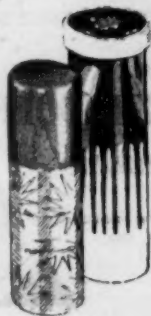
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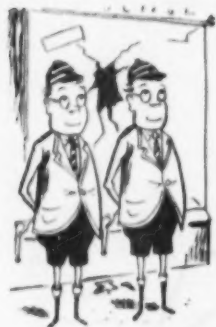
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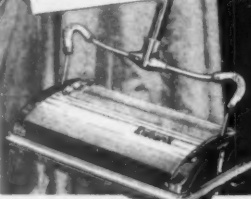
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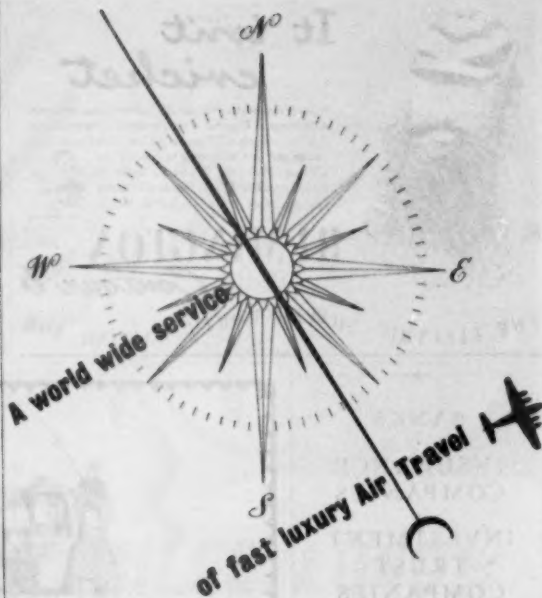


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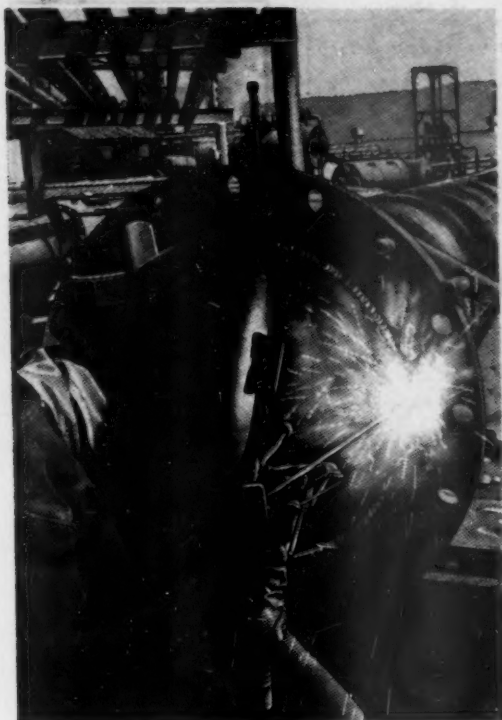
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Illustration by A. R. WOODHEAD, R.A.

A man of few words

Long before momentous events have become newspaper headlines, taciturn Tom Armstrong*, in charge of one of the paper-making machines at Bowaters Kemsley Mill, has run through the newsprint to carry the news.

At one end of the towering machine, a hundred yards in length, a sheet of liquid of the colour and apparent consistency of thin porridge is carried in by a moving belt. As it travels over a series of suction boxes this grey liquid quite suddenly whitens, for all the world like an egg beginning to poach. Almost instantaneously it has turned into paper, gliding on over steam-filled cylinders which carry it along to the roll.

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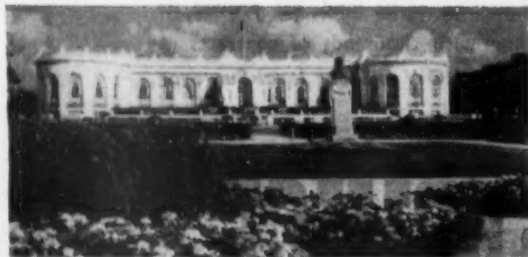
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